THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

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A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heat fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree,
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent.
Let me, also, cheer a spot
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

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LET US PROVE OUR ELECTION.

President Tucker of Dartmouth College made an utterance in an address not long ago which is well worth quoting:

"If God were not pouring into New England out of the riches of other countries, New England would be empty. While the latest foreigner may not compare favorably with the native stock, what of the second and third generations of foreigners? They are forging to the front, partly because of their virility and ambition, and partly through the sacrifice of the homes to educate their children. The rising scale of foreign population is on a better level than the falling scale of the native population. If the old New England is not willing to sacrifice as it used to, and if the New England boy is not as ambitious as his grandfather, I thank God that he is sending us those who are willing to sacrifice and anxious to rise; and that he is giving this challenge to the old stock: Rise up and show yourselves! If we do not see and feel it, it is to our shame. We are not the elect of God unless we prove our election, and if he can do better for the world through some other stock and religion than through the native stock and Protestant religion, let him work in his own way."

"Not the elect of God unless we prove our election!" As the Dutchman says, "That ish goot." In church, in the state, in the nation, everywhere, it is something that ought to be remembered and by which there should come profit to many a person. All over our land, in institutions of all kinds, there is too much of the disposition that we are the people, and that wisdom will die with us. If we do not get that idea out of us, as a nation, in some less violent manner ere long, some little nation will arise and take it out of us as Japan took it out of Russia. It requires no prophet to foresee this. The conclusion is reached from a study both of individual and national life.

This nation needs many of the people who are coming to us from other lands; and the twentieth century will see not a few of them and their descendants at the front in the country's progress.

And as to our Christianity, let us not boast. A noted bishop wrote not long ago from Japan: "It may be that the Orient may some day be under the necessity of sending missionaries to us to cleanse us of mammonism and worldliness." And he wrote also: "I know of many Methodist churches in foreign fields composed of better Methodists than some churches in the homeland." The same writer says further: "Two-elevenths of the Protestant churches in Japan are self-supporting. Let it be remembered that Japan, when compared with our country, is very poor. With 80,000,000 of people, we have $100,000,000,000 worth of property; while Japan, with 50,000,000 people, has only $6,000,000,000 worth of property."

We recall here the missionary enthusiasm and liberality of the Chinese Christians connected with our California missions, which have many times been commented on in our columns.

Physically, intellectually and economically the Chinese race is mighty. What they have been and are under their religions, and what a few have shown themselves to be under the sway of Christianity, foreshadows to some extent what they as a nation will be when the Christian religion has had time to work out some of its beneficent results among them.

"STUNNING."

O, the times! O, the customs! The folly of some of them! "The Meddler" presented the following in the society columns of the Oakland Tribune last Saturday:

"How few women really make the most of their clothes! One San Francisco society woman who makes the most of a good figure and striking garments is Mrs. Washington Dodge, rather recently a bride, who has been seen a great deal at Del Monte this season. Mrs. Dodge wears her clothes exceedingly well, and as she brought trunks full from Europe with her she has many to display."

We wonder what Mrs. Dodge thinks of this stuff. Some ladies would be disgusted and provoked by it. "The Meddler" tells also of some theater parties and says:

"Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young had as their guests Miss Kathleen de Young, in a chic hat with a big red rose, and Miss Ethyl Hager, who is looking decidedly stunning these days. Miss Hager wore a big black hat with shaded choux of ping velvet, large pearls in hear ears and handsome white furs."

This is very mild, however, in comparison with some of the wearing apparel descriptions frequently given by the "Meddler" and other writers on social affairs. Not long ago the New York World published the picture of a rich woman who wore at a certain society affair $840,000 worth of pearls. In the report of the affair the newspapers presented her in all her gorgeousness. It is said that her fortune was "wrung from the servitude of thousands of men and boys in torturing mines."

We recall the fact that a few days before the earthquake and fire in San Francisco each of the leading daily papers contained a two page list of the people who had been in attendance at some play, with a description of the finery that was on display. Some were gorgeously arrayed.

That any good purpose is served by such publication we are unable to see. That harm is done we have not the least doubt. Among the things which we thought of when the earthquake and the fire came was considerable that had been suggested by that descriptive list of finely arrayed theater goers. We make no objection to attendance at theaters of the right kind, but such newspaper reports and display we do regard as damaging to society.

Stunning, not in colloquial or slang usage, but in

its original meaning, is a good word to use in these descriptions. These displays do in very truth stun our civilization. They threaten its overthrow. If the present writer had a few million dollars he would use it in establishing a daily paper that would not print this trashy society news. And it would take several millions to do it, for it would be to run counter to the desires of not a few people.

But there is undoubtedly a good time coming when such publication will be held as vulgar and highly deterimental to the general welfare. In due time God will burn it out of human nature. It was shaken out for a few days in April when high and low stood in the bread line amid the ashes of San Francisco. The vanities of life stood forth as vanities then. A great need in this land today is more of the Christianity of Christ, less stunning display, and a simpler unostentatious living. That will help mightily toward a solution of our vexing problems.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

It is said that the Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman of Los Angeles is stirring to new zeal the temperance workers in many eastern cities by his address on "The Stainless Flag." He is called "the old man eloquent." Dr. Chapman will be one of the speakers at the Anti-Saloon Legaue convention in St. Louis next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Collins of Oakland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Pauline, to the Rev. R. K. Ham. Mr. Ham is pastor of the Congregational Church at Grass Valley, and that church will, after a few months, have the pleasure of welcoming a bride and of having once more a thoroughly equipped pastor. All that Mr. Ham lacks now is the wife, for he has done a good work in all the fields in which he has served.

The Pacific Churchman says concerning the Rev. C. R. Brown's book, "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit": "If the American clergyman of whatever name in our large centers of life can, in what remains to him of the current year, purchase only two new books, one of them had better be these lectures on the Lyman Beecher foundation at Yale." It is said further: "That they must and will do good to whoever will be at the pains to read them goes without saying."

It is fitting that Seattle should do as she is planning to do—erect a monument to William H. Seward who as Secretary of State in 1868 acquired Alaska for the United States. Seattle has profited more than any other city by that acquisition. To the entire nation it has proved of priceless value. Near the close of his life Mr. Seward was asked what he considered the greatest achievement of his career. His reply was: "The purchase of Alaska, but it will require a generation for the people to realize it."

Among our letters during the last few days was one from Santa Barbara with the enclosure of a check for $25, and the request to so apply on subscriptions as to leave practically a donation of $20 for The Pacific "to be used where the need is greatest." From Ontario came an enclosure of $5 for a year's subscription and the following words of encouragement: "Go on in your good work. There is nothing that pays like the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. May God give you strength to do his work. We are glad you love our brothers across the sea. Don't let us fall back and they go ahead of us."

In our young people's department there appears this week a selected article which we hope will be read widely by young and old. We selected it at first for the home department, but transferred it later. It is entitled "The Work of White Ants." It is an article of high value to people of all ages. If any of our readers have not been reading the articles under the captions, "The Home," "The Quiet Hour," and "Young People," we suggest that attention be turned that way. Great care is taken in the preparation of those pages. It is our desire to make them in their way as helpful as the cover page of The Pacific has been made for several years by its gem of poetry each week.

The movement started three months ago by the Rev. William Rader in the Central Theatre, San Francisco, promises to become a real religious influence in the heart of the city. What is known as the "Central Religious Association" has been formed with a membership of upwards of one hundred; a board of directors has been appointed, and a corporation will be formed. Already the attendance is large and many prominent people are showing an interest in the work. Plans are forming to do practical religious work in addition to the regular preaching service on Sunday. Many men hitherto unidentified with church work are cooperating. The Central Theatre is centrally located and though it was once a tent, is now a substantial building.

The property of the First Presbyterian Church on the corner of Franklin and Fourteenth streets in Oakland has become very valuable for business purposes and an offer of $150,000 was made recently for a part of it—100 by 100 feet. The offer is not likely to be accepted; but if it should be it would leave the Church 50 by 100 feet on Fourteenth street and 106 by 150 on Franklin. There are reasons for believing, however, that the whole property will be sold eventually and a new church be built several blocks to the North. The property of the First Congregational Church on the corner of Clay and Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, is looked at enviously also by speculators and would sell quickly for several hundred thousand dollars. But it would be very difficult to find a location so good, and tempting offers are likely to be refused for some time in the future as they have been in the past.

We commend to all our readers the article entitled "An Appreciation of Father Bristol." He was a remarkable man. Whether you knew him or not, try to get time to read that article. The life of Father Bristol has its lessons for all; and a more readable article was never written about any departed hero than this one by the Rev. E. E. P. Abbott concerning this heroic Christian soul recently passed into the beyond. The editor of The Pacific has had a few trying experiences with Father Bristol; some communications would come in occasionally that could not be published; and then would come special letters to the editor that were not at times pleasant reading, but withal there was a spirit that was winsome and affection for him could not be lost—especially after a little time with him now and then in conversation. Doubtless his admonitions were needed. We all need something now and then to bid us pause and consider.

At the recent annual meeting of the First Church of Los Angeles resolutions of appreciation of the services of the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day and the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day were adopted. We quote a few lines as follows: "Above all, we remember with devout gratitude the spiritual uplift and inspiration which have come to this church through their able and faithful pulpit ministrations; their loyalty to right in every movement toward the betterment of the civic life of our community, and their widespread, pervasive influence for good among the churches and communities of our entire Southland." At the annual meeting the salary of the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day was increased $1,000 and that of the Rev. Dr. W. F. Day, the pastor emeritus $500. During the time that the latter has served the church 1,900 persons have been received to membership. The return of the pastor from Japan about the first of next month is expected.

The New York Independent speaks of the action of the San Francisco board of educaion in excluding the children of Orientals from the public schools as "a blunder worse than a crime." Against this action it mentions the higher considerations of Christian decency, which it is of opinion would not be profitable to present to the mischief makers; but lays emphasis on the danger of provoking sensitive neighbors to war by "our contemptuous Anglo Saxon or Celtic arrogance." The Independent expresses the opinion that it is extremely doubtful if with any force which we could command we could at the conclusion of such a war drive the Japanese from Hawaii and the Philippines, which in such event they would surely seize. Congressman Hays said recently: "There is a strong feeling among senators and congressmen that any legislation against Japan would lead to war. I do not think so." But, if we are going to have war with Japan, he added, "let us have it right away. We are ready, and they are not." And Congressman Kahn said: "I have always felt that the time would come when we would go to war with Japan." In his argument for the exclusion of the Japanese, Kahn said: "In their war with Russia a Japanese carried six days' rations in his knapsack." While this formed in Mr. Kahn's opinion a good reason for their exclusion, it did not occur to him seemingly that it would stand as a reason for caution on our part about inciting them to war. The people of this country would find, if Japan should begin war against the United States, that we are not as well prepared as some think we are. The results of the conflict showed that Great Britain was not very well prepared to war with the Boers; but all the world thought she was. It is fortunate for the Pacific coast, and for the whole nation, just now, when this anti-Japanese agitation is being waged, that we have at the helm in our national affairs a man of such judgment and patriotism as Theodore Roosevelt.

Great good ought to come from the work which the Rev. Dr. Hugh Black, of Edinburgh, has been called to do in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. His profesorship is that of Practical Theology; but for six months each year he will go among the churches and colleges and universities in an effort to inspire the finest young men in them to a zeal for the Christian ministry.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Westminister, a leading Presbyterian paper, asks, "Can a man be a Christian once, and then lapse absolutely?" And its own reply is: "The Methodists preach so; some of us Presbyterians seem to practice what the Methodists preach." All this, having in mind the defalcation of Mr. Hipple, the Philadelphia banker and prominent Presbyterian, which the Nashville Christian Advocate says "has given Calvinistic theology a sharp jar."

Concerning the troubles in the South between the white people and the black people, Bishop Fitzgerald said recently in the Atlanta Constitution: "If the professed Christians in the South, both white and colored, will exercise a true Christian faith and sow the seeds of the kingdom of God throughout these Southern states; and if the traffic is abated in the liquor that reveals the brute that is in men of all colors and all grades—that is, give us something more of the old-time religion and something less of the strong drink that defies God and blasts human hearts and homes—they will win this fight. I cannot think otherwise until I am ready to exchange the optimism that looks to God and takes heart for the atheism that says in its heart: 'There is no God.'".

Bishop Candler, who was in Japan recently, and who passed through places visited by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, says: "I am willing to follow in the steps of Mr. Bryan in Japan, for he seems to have gone through the land as an evangelist. He yielded not one jot or tittle of Christian principle to any custom or contingency. He observed the Sabbath, attended church, and refused wine and other un-Christian things wherever he went. When he made public addresses, he put forward frankly and strongly Christian truth. His courage and candor won the Japanese, and I am told by everyone who has spoken to me about him that his stay in Japan has helped greatly the Christian cause. I write this not because I am what the newspapers call a 'Bryanite.' I may say frankly that I have not been able to agree with all his views on economic questions. But I rejoice in his manly Christian character which he maintains at home and abroad, on the land, on the sea. I give him unqualified admiration for his genuine eloquence, unsullied life, and unquestionable integrity."

A New England correspondent of the Christian Advocate, of Nashville, writes as follows: Mr. Great-Heart, of Bunyan's allegory, has been at large in the philosophic and poetic purlieus of Boston. He dropped into the sanctum of Dr. Charles Parkhurst, the editor of Zion's Herald, and made to him this munificent proposition: 'If you are willing to belt the globe in company with Mrs. Parkhurst, I am willing to pay every necessary and incidental expense of the journey. For three reasons I make this proposition: First, for the benefit of the editor; secondly, for the benefit of the Herald; and thirdly, for the benefit of the Methodist Episcopal Church.' The name of this gracious donor is not given by the Herald editor, Suffice to say his offer was accepted instanter. Dr. Parkhurst and his wife left Boston in September, and are now in India. For eighteen consecutive years Dr. Parkhurst has directed the destinies of Zion's Herald. His position is not a conectional one. Zion's Herald is the property of the several New England

conferences. From the day of its birth to the present it has maintained a high standard of journalism. Bishop David H. Moore recently said: 'Zion's Herald is the morning star of Methodist publications.' In literary quality we very much question if it has even a near rival in the papers of American Protestantism. Occasional numbers of the Outlook, the Independent, the Congregationalist, the Churchman may equal or surpass it; but with successive issues considered we are disposed to abide by the above judgment. New England Methodists are justly proud of their church paper." This world has many men with many minds. We do not rank Zion's Herald with The Western Christian Advocate, of Cincinnati, nor with The Interior of Chicago, nor with either The Congregationalist or The Advance. But it is a great paper and New England Methodists have good reason to be proud of it."

In a letter elsewhere in our columns, from the Rev. Dr. Davis of the Doshisha, of Kyoto, Japan, mention is made of The Japan Bible League." The object of the League, as stated in an article in its constitution, is: "To promote thorough reverent and constructive study of the Holy Scriptures, and to maintain the historic faith of the Church in the divine inspiration and supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures as the Word of God, in all matters of faith and practice. To make accessible to all Christian workers in Japan the best results of constructive Biblical scholarship, by the use of reviews, reprints, and translations of important articles or books, as well as by the preparation of original matter, and by other useful means." The president of the League is the Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D.; the vice-president is the Rev. W. B. Langsdorf, Ph. D., Litt. D. The members of the executive committee are: Rev. J. D. Davis, D.D., Rev. A. Oltmans, D.D., Rev. J. J. Dearing, D.D., Rev. Joseph Cosand, Mr. F. Parrott, Rev. A. C. Borden, Rev. A. B. Hutchinson. In this connection it is fitting to quote from a letter written a few weeks ago by Bishop Candler, entitled "First Impressions of Japan." The bishop was in Tokyo, and there was in session a convention of Young Men's Christian Association workers. Concerning this he said in part: "At the morning hour the veteran missionary, Dr. J. D. Davis, of the Congregational Church, preached the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. convention. He has been in Japan since 1871—thirty-five years—and is a man of the noblest spirit. In the course of his sermon he told of how just about the time he came out, thirty-five years ago, a man was imprisoned and finally died in his cell for copying and reading the Gospel of Mark. Now the Scriptures are printed by the hundreds of thousands in a great Methodist publishing house located on a conspicuous corner of the most popular street in Tokyo, and twenty-five thouasnd copies of one edition are sent into Korea, the erstwhile Hermit Nation. In the light of such facts, can my hope for the speedy Christanization of Japan be accounted extravagant? The entire discourse of Dr. Davis was forcible, fervent, orthodox, and evangelical. And it was preached in the power of the Spirit sent down from heaven. Some told me before the service that he was so broken in health that I need not expect much from him. He looked feeble, but he did not preach feebly. I can never forget the eloquent passage in which he exhorted his fellow-laborers to let alone 'criticism' and 'doubtful disputations' and preach an authoritative gospel to the people, closing with the epigrammatic words: 'Doubt your doubts and believe your beliefs. Save the people by that authoritative and unchanging gospel which not less in these days than in St. Paul's time is 'the power of God unto salvation.'"

THE PAY OF MINISTERS.

The Indianapolis Star contained recently an editorial with the foregoing caption, considerable of which is well worth quoting. The managing editor, or one of the editors, is the Mr. Bross who was for many years the managing editor of The Oregonian. He is a son of the Rev. Harmon Bross, for a long time the superintendent of the Congregational Home Missionary Society in Nebraska. While in Portland Mr. Bross was a member of the First Presbytetrian Church. We do not know that the editorial was written by Mr. Bross. But it is significent that such an editorial should appear in an influential daily paper. It is one of the good signs of the times. We quote from it as follows:

"It is a startling commentary on the tendencies of the time to be apprised from official sources that salaries of Congregational ministers have declined ten per cent within the past ten years. From a report on conditions at the outset of 1906 it apperas that the Congregationalists then had nearly six thousand church establishments in the country, and that only about thirty of their ministers received $3,000 or more per year. The highest salary paid was $10,000, and there were only two or three pastors who drew that amount. There were two at $8,000, there was one at $7,000, there were four at $6,000 and most of the others in the class mentioned drew $5,000. After those exceptional cases there was a long drop, and no doubt hundreds of the pastors have incomes that would be considered wretchedly inadequate in other professions or in business.

"Yet it is an eloquent fact that despite this pitifully small financial remuneration the young men have continued to go into the pulpit. We hear much talk about the lack of preachers, but very few actual instances of churches without pastors. The reason is, obviously enough that men do not bear the gospel message to their fellowmen primarily for the pecuniary rewards of their calling. The pay of the preacher is not chiefly in dollars and cents. It comprises a joy in service, a secret satisfaction in felt obedience to a heavenly vision, and the conscious entrance into many human lives with impulses toward the higher life.

"To speak of the pay of preachers only with thought of the money grudgingly bestowed by parishioners and sometimes collected only with difficulty after repeated solicitations, would be to miss the chief rewards of the calling. We must beear in mind the hour at the cradle or the baptismal font where the holy ambitions of fatherhood and motherhood are directed into definite channels; the marriage altar where young lives are pointed to the true significance of the wedding vow; the bed of death whither the minister is privileged to bring consolations of religion and the blessed hope of immortality.

"Paltry pay will never depopulate the pulpit .More efficacious than declining salaries has been the discouragement of independent thought and of individual initiative in the profession by ecclesiastical authority.

Yet this malign influence has always been with us, for the orthodox priesthood has always been at war with the prophet bearing the true message. Such a conference as Dr. Chapman's noble meeting at Winona reminds us that while the message needs to be borne, there will always be those to bear it. The evangelist, even, whom some have fancied an anachronism in this day of scientific thought and the universal newspaper habit, survives in wonderful efficiency.

"If we compare the evangelistic labor today with that of an earlier generation, we shall see that while in one sense the work of a man like Moody, for example, can never be repeated, in another sense it will always be repeated. The spirit of such effort will last, but its letter will crumble away. Historic and literary criticism and the revelations of material science have done away with the forms in which the old revivalist's appeal was clothed. The mind of man today, formed in the scientific interpretation of the Old and New Testaments, will look upon salvation and the Kingdom in a sense different from that presented by the old evangelist. Of all these temporary devices of religion, the apostle of the uncircumcision spoke truly when he said: 'For whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall fail; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.'

"But the appeal of the man of God to men sunk in selfishness and sin—that will never fail. There is one voice for Luther's time, another for Edwards' time, another for Finney's and Spurgeon's, another Moody's and Sankey's, another for Gunsaulus' and Chapman's but the message is the same. The spiritual gift that rouses men from sin and sets their faces toward higher things will spring up and flourish as long as it is needed.

"Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host;
Trances the heart with melting choirs
And through the priest the mind inspires,
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.'"

A LETTER FROM DR. DAVIS OF JAPAN.

Kyoto, Oct. 11, 1906.

Dear Pacific: I am glad to see you enlarged again, and I sincerely hope that the appeal for the funds necessary to put you securely on your feet will be successful.

Things are moving on well with us here. We have over forty theological students, and the work in the churches in the city and country about is encouraging.

Great numbers of young men in the middle schools and in commercial schools are studying the Bible, and there are many inquirers among them. There is an increasing call for Christian teachers in government schools, and for positions in banks and manufacturing and other companies. An abundant rice harvest is being gathered and the country seems to be facing a time of peaceful prosperity.

We are hoping and praying for a spiritual quickening which will reach all the workers and the churches and give us a sure basis for a great advance along all lines of Christian work. A Japan Bible League has been formed which bids fair to become a power for good here. I send a copy of its Object.

Sincerely yours J. D. Davis.

AN APPRECIATION OF FATHER BRISTOL.

By Rev. E. E. P. Abbott.

[Read at the Southern California Association at Claremont, October 11th.]

Not only has the oldest and most venerable member of our association left us, but the most pronounced personality, and, when we look at his life as a whole, the man of the most remarkable record. In the years to come, the name of Sherlock Bristol, "The Pioneer Preacher," will be remembered when we shall have ceased to be longer a living force, when our influence shall have passed and, perhaps, our very names.

As I have come to know him well, he has impressed me as a man of two natures, widely diverse and yet both strong and admirable in their way. Combined, they formed a noble character, like a David, the beloved, and a man of war as well. I have been often reminded of McCaulay's well known description of the sturdy pilgrim: "He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker, but he set his foot on the neck of his king. He was self abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; he was proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious."

I have visited this brother in his own home; I have met him at almost every association for the past eight years and it has been a delight to sit down with him alone. He was the most simple man among us; childlike, with nothing to conceal and nothing to exhibit. At times he made me think of the apostle John.

"It is the heart and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest,
Far exceedeth all the rest."

And, then, he was so generous. If he had a dollar or a thousand dollars, he would give them all if the cause demanded it. The most of us are on the side of prudence; he erred in the opposite direction. He needed a million dollars to meet the increasing demands of the Kingdom; and had they been turned over to him he would have been the Lord's faithful almoner. For spirituality, I have not met his equal on this coast. While his brethren were asleep, he was, night after night, praying for them one by one. He knew all our names and our fields of labor, and he could literally say, "I have you in continual remembrance in my prayers." We have seen his face at times shine like that of a man who had been long in the presence chamber of his king. So we have come to our meeting this year the poorer. A spiritual force is absent that we cannot reckon by any arithmetical standard. It means much to us that "the prayers" of David the son of Jesse are ended!"

How much this brother taught us to reverence God and refer everything back to the Father's will! One night when the freshet was washing away his farm, and great sections would break off and float down with the torrent, he lay quietly through it all, thinking "The Lord has some good purpose in it." In the morning he rose with a cheerful face, and never did one murmur escape his lips. "It was all right."

But if he had never any complaint to make of God, we cannot affirm as much of his attitude toward his fellow men. This submission to the divine will, this loyalty to the Master, helped to give unity to his life and to harmonize his otherwise discordant nature.

Mr. Bristol could be a very uncomfortable man; or rather could make others a little uneasy. He never ceased to take great interest in reform and public affairs. A politician once said to me, "he gives us no end of trouble." And yet I have been pleased to note the high respect that was felt for him in his own locality, especially since his death. Everybody will praise him now. So in the church we all had to reckon with Father Bristol on important occasions and when any new movement was to be inaugurated. He did not spare time nor postage; but from his quiet home in Montalvo, he was an outer conscience, and sometimes a very effective one with those who made up our programs, the editors of our religious papers and men who were conspicuous in the church. If Mr. Bristol had had his way he would have turned the world upside down because it seemed to him that the world was often wrong side up. He had absolutely no fear of man before his eyes. If a distinguished professor was drifting into dangerous reefs, he would hear from Father Bristol direct. Professors in these days do not like this kind of reminder. The muck rake is no more popular in academic halls than among our capitalists. Some men have a strong prejudice against tainted money; Mr. Bristol had no relish for tainted doctrine. It must be acknowledged that there was not a little of the belligerant in his original make up. He was born of a fighting race; he was by nature a son of thunder. When a boy in Phillips Academy, Uncle Samuel Taylor saw fit to discipline this lad because he would put his name down as a member of the anti-slavery society. I have no doubt the boy's manner and method were not wholly beyond criticism; but on the whole he was right and when he returned to Andover to be pastor of the Free Church, Dr. Taylor said to him that he had greatly changed. Mr. Bristol felt that the change was on the other side. On a Hudson river boat a tough bully presumed too much on the young minister's passive nature, and with his gang of men savagely attacked him. Mr. Bristol, then a muscular Christian, measured up the blustering antagonist, insisted on taking one at a time; and then with his strong arms he dragged him to the side of the boat and would have thrown him over had not the craven begged for mercy. It was not exactly a ministerial encounter, but the young preacher felt it was the only way to command the respect of those New York toughs.

But now, in these latter years, it seemed to him that the church was drifting from its moorings, he was the same fighter as seventy years before, only not with carnal weapons. Not from choice, for het Gerenian Nestor would have gladly given his place to some younger man; but, if need be, he would buckle his rusty harness on his aged frame and do no discreditable service in a cause that lay nearest his heart. Sherlock Bristol could never be charged with cowardice even down to his last day. He was made of the stuff that constituted martyrs.

And now that he has left us I have been asking myself, was he after all unreasonable? Was it altogether because he was behind the times? I have taken down the letters that were written to me. They were not always complimentary, but they were always kind and earnest. These public missives he sent out at his own expense, what did they say? First of all, he wanted us to give more emhpasis to the work of the Holy Spirit. Was he not right? I saw an insulting and brutal letter that was sent to him by a leading minister, at that time, in Washington. "There are so many cranks that are uttering these absurd pleas for the Holy Spirit that he would not have Him named in his program." This letter grieved the old man. He wanted us to give more time to prayer. He could not have a meeting of the Association pass without some retreat or longer hour for prayer. How he longed for a genuine revival! He would not have objected to one of the Finney type. He could not depart until the work that was being wrought in Wales could reach California. And if we were all as earnest as he was it would come this very winter. You remember how he pleaded with us to sign this covenant:

(1) We will observe a daily prayer meeting that the work of Wales may bless our locality and extend throughout the world.

(2) We will put away and remove as far as possible every obstacle which is revealed to us as standing in the way of the Pentecost we need.

(3) That realizing the great obstacles that lie in the way of an answer to our prayers which may take much time to remove, we will strive not to be easily discouraged, but hold fast in prayer, believing that in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

Is it too late to heed this reasonable plea?

In matters of doctrine Father Bristol may have seemed at some times intolerant. I am not sure but the charge must lie on our side. True tolerance is ready to recognize that truth may be larger than our conception of it. It is willing that other men should hold their theories, and will respect them and their conscientiousness. But is there not at times a place for Christian intolerance? As when Paul exclaimed, "If any other man preach any other gospel than that ye have received let him be anathema." If in the church and among authorized teachers, especially those who are training our future ministers, there are those who are utterly subverting the faith, should not some one lift up the cry of alarm, yea, of protest? "And Amaziah said to Amos: Seer, go flee to the land of Judea and eat there bread and prophesy there; but prophesy no more in Bethel, for it is the King's sanctuary and the royal residence. And Amos answered and said to Amaziah, I am no prophet, neither am I the son of a prophet. But I am a herdsman and a cultivator of sycamores. And Jehovah took me from following the flock; and Jehovah said to me, go prophesy to this people Israel. And now hear the word of Jehovah."

The text that has come to me with force since this death is the following and I like it because it is free form exaggeration: "And David having served his own generation, according to the will of God, fell on sleep." We have seen what a place the will of God had in his conception and his practice as well. He early prayed, "Thy will be done." It became the principle of his life. We know that he could not live except for service. He went quite out of himself; he was interested in the whole world. He did not stop to ask how he appeared or what the people said. He served his own generation, not living in reminisence; he had a duty to the passing hour. Then, at last, he fell asleeep. How beautiful! It was as by the kiss of Jehovah. After all the toils and vicissitudes of life he is now at rest.

Before you may help others to live their lives, you must first be living to its full measure your own life.

A WOMAN WITH A NOTEWORTHY CAREER.

An Account of Things Said And Done By Her.

It is worthy of note that we have here in California a woman who for many years has been very prominently identified with the great work carried on all over the land by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—Mrs. Sarah A. McClees. For several years her home has been in Oakland and the picture which is given herewith was taken in her garden in that city in August 1905, when she was in her 83rd year.

Mrs. Sarah A. McClees.

When Mrs. McClees entered on the special work in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which brought her into national prominence and made her much beloved, widely, in that band of noble workers, her home was in the city of New York.

It was in 1883 that the W. C. T. U. organized a department for gospel temperance work among the men of the army and navy. Mrs. McClees was chosen as the first superintendent of that department and continued to occupy that position until 1895.

As the head of this department she led in some of the most important undertakings of the union since its inception. It was while she held the position of national superintendent of the soldiers' and sailors' department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union that the "Canteen" or "Post Exchange" became an absorbing question throughout the country. No historian will write the history of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth without giving considerable attention to the work done in the interests of the soldiers and sailors, and for the general cause of temperance, by this department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Mrs. McClees was for twelve years the superintendent.

A few months ago in her honored old age this beloved worker in this great cause wrote and published a little book in which are told some of the efforts and experiences of those years of service. It makes a valuable history, in brief of course, of that effort to take from men the greatest temptations and curses of life, and to aid in the up-building within them of the characteristics of true manhood.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union does not claim all the credit for the passage finally of the Canteen bill; but it did much toward that end, and one cannot turn the pages of this book by Mrs. McClees without realizing that it was given to her to have an important part in this as well as in much other good work done by that organization. How fitting that Margaret Dye Ellis, the national superintendent of legislation, should write her in 1905: "You have borne the burden and heat of the day, and it is surely time for you to let others carry the load and responsibility of this work, but it is well for you to place on record before you go up higher your knowledge of work undertaken long ago, and probably forgotten but by a few."

This book, which is "a history of the pioneer work of women with regard to the canteen in the military service of the United States of America," contains some noteworthy papers and memorials written by the author. One series of tracts consisted of four leaflets having the significant titles of Fort Medical, Fort Ecclesiastical, Fort Legal, and Fort Social. They were designed to be educational, and such is their character that they undoubtedly worked powerfully toward that end. The first three in the series were issued originally as letters to the officers of the army and navy, the last one to the wives and daughters of those officers. We quote from the latter: "In the broader sense of human intercourse everywhere by all people, of all nationalities and organizations, how wonderful is the power that woman exerts! In the realm of morals she reigns supreme, and it should be enough for us, in bearing the weight of such a responsibility, to accept the fact that our brothers of the other sex believe in us as the virtuous, pure, the better half of our race. We think they have made a mistake in putting us upon such a pedestal unless they come up to the same platform of equal virtue and purity, and stand there beside us. But with reference to the greatest reform of the ages, all men agree with Dr. Holland, who wrote this sentiment in Mrs. Hays' album: 'Women only can make wine-drinking unfashionable, and heal the nation of this curse.'

"Says a noble woman, whose name is associated with thousands of others who, in this golden age of noble deeds are making wine-drinking unfashionable.' 'To dispense a large and bountiful hospitality with grace and dignity may well be the pleasure of those whose ladyhood came to them by way of 'loaf-giving.' But the true 'loaf-giver' is one who admits no treacherous enemy to her friendly feast, nor hands a poisonous viand to her guests. Science, the unwearied traveler that nightly pitches her moving tent a day's march nearer truth, has joined with sad experience to say that the wine glass is a poisoned cup; that the baleful spirit that abides in it is no friend to friendship and no inspiration to goodness. There are many weak ones who need your sympathy and help today. Stay the hand that in mistaken kindness would offer

temptation in that graceful fashion most difficult to resist, and shield from your happy memories the possible offense or occasion of stumbling to one of 'Christ's little ones.'"

"To most, if not all of you, I'm sure, neither argument nor appeal is necessary, but it is possible the great awakening to personal responsibility and effort has not come. Sure I am that, were it ours to see our nation impoverished, as it is by the drink curse, we should arouse from our lethargy and act like the true patriots we are, in imitation of the women of Prussia, when the country was unable to defend itself against its invaders, for want of means, pour out all our treasures of plate and jewels to replenish the public treasury; or, like the good wife, who, in the old Dutch city of Harlem, saved her husband by carrying him out of the castle gates on her shoulders, we would make any sacrifice, or dare to be singular, if we might rescue our beloved ones from the destroyer, for women have never been found wanting in their country's hour of trial; patriotic and devoted, our American women have always been ready to stand at the front when danger has threatened or foes assailed. In this hour of our nation's peril will you not join the white ribbon army, and march under the banner which has adopted the brave motto for 'God and Home and Native Land?'"

It was said by a wise man of the olden time, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a net-work of silver." All these were words fitly uttered. In no way could they offend those to whom they were addressed, and they make a strong plea to earnest womanhood. They are well worth wide circulation among women in all circles today.

In her tract entitled Fort Medical, Mrs. McClees set forth among many other things the changed opinions of noted physicians in recent years with reference to alcohol. Dr. Henry Monroe a noted English physician was quoted as having said: "If any one had told me 15 years ago that I should be advocating temperance principles in Exeter Hall, I should have said, 'Then I shall be an escaped lunatic! If, as a doctor of medicine, I do not know how and when to prescribe alcohol, surely I am not to be dictated to by a few laymen, and especially by a set of jaundiced, fanatical, monomaniacal, one-idead'd tee-total humbugs.'"

In the tract entieled Fort Legal it is said:

"The people have been taking care of these victims of indulgence, and suffering taxation to support them in poor-houses and insane asylums, in jails, penitentiaries and prisons; building and maintaining charitable institutions to shelter the children—poor, neglected offspring of the 'victims'—bearing the expense of arrest, trial, conviction and punishment, and all the paraphernalia of courts of justice, where the great army of victims are made amenable to the violated laws of the land, all directly traceable to the results of the liquor traffic. They have accepted the statement of Sir Charles Buxton, the famous English brewer, that the land, in consequence of this unholy traffic, has a curse resting upon it more deadly than war, pestilence and famine combined.

"This sentiment being confirmed by the utterances of many distinguished statesmen, Mr. Gladstone, the foremost, giving it his endorsement in the British Parliament, they have declared it to be the absolute and imperative duty of every lover of his kind to help in the suppression of such an infamous traffic, and to substitute for the laws 'regulating' it, legislation more in keeping with the advanced civilization of this enlightened age."

In "Fort Ecclesiastical" it is said in conclusion:

"The Bible, being a book of morals, is in favor of purity of heart and life, and against indulgence in any habit which tends to debase or demoralize. This of itself, is a sufficient argument for total abstinence.

"Whether there is in the Bible any positive command against the moderate use of intoxicating liquors or not, it is certain that it is a prohibitory book, forbidding to every being every form of evil, and the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are warned to avoid even the appearance of evil, and, we know, that if the commands of the Decalogue were received into the hearts and found expression in the lives of men, no one would indulge himself in what is hurtful to his neighbor, hurtful to his own physical and spiritual well-being, hurtful to the community, ruinous for this life and damning for the next life."

In the special work in which she was long engaged Mrs. McClees formed the acquaintance of many noble men; and in her book she tells of the help and encouragement they gave her. She says: "It is one of the pleasantest reminiscences to have come in touch with living, breathing men who have embodied great principles, and whose influence, in their official capacity as advocates of temperance, has given them unlimited opportunity for good among civilians as well as throughout military circles." She mentions as perhaps the most distinguished and honored of these self-conquering heroes Major-General O. O. Howard who aided her greatly in her work at Washington as well as elsewhere. "What else," she asks, "could be expected from a man, a Christian gentleman, who for thirty years has turned his wine-glass upside down at social entertainments?"

Once in company with another worker she called on General Phil Sheridan at his residence in Washington. Concerning this visit she says: "I was only too glad to have such an opportunity, and to find him at home with no other guests to interrupt our conversation. We found him exceedingly affable, and I ventured to ask his opinion on the petition to exclude saloons. The famous warrior who had been so quietly seated, chatting small talk with two ladies, sprang to his feet as the question was asked, and immediately began to pace the floor rapidly back and forth; then, pausing, he stood in front of me, while his eyes flashed with the fire that was in them when he galloped in front of his retreating cavalry, making them turn and face the foe. 'What did you say, madam? Take the saloon away from the soldiers one mile! Make it ten! Make it ten!'

"Then cooling his emotion, he said: 'Any soldier would walk a mile for a drink!'"

In taking leave of this battlefield and temperance hero Mrs. McClees said: "Hail to this Chief! Brave little Phil Sheridan!"

Glad are we that it has been given to California to have this elect lady as a resident for several years! With her in her national hymn we say:

"God bless the nation grand;
Whose fathers wisely planned
Themselves to free.
Now let Columbia pray
For freedom's noblest sway,
O'er self the mastery,
Nor slaves to be.

"God bless the people pure;
The voters who secure
Our righteous laws;
Men who will take no bribe,
Nor even turn aside,
Tempted by pelf and pride
From noble aims.

"God bless our statesmen brave,
Who would our country save
By love of right;
Whose hate of sin and wrong,
Exalts above the earth-born song
That 'might is right.'"

AN INFORMING PROGRAM FOR A MISSIONARY MEETING.

By "Aunt Prue."

Dear Pacific:

You must excuse my botherin' you so soon again, but I want to tell you about our missionary meetin recently, and then I'll promise to be real good and not bother you again for a long while.

I've been a-thinkin' maybe the other missionary societies would like to try the same kind of a program, for it's a real informin' one.

You know there's such a lot of folks in our churches, especially here in the West, that comes from other denominations, and they don't know beans about our missionary organizations. And I'm afraid there's some among us that's always been Congregationalists, that don't know any more about 'em. So our committee got to talkin' and thinkin' how we ought to have a meetin' just devoted to our home and foreign societies here in Southern California. Somebody said it was mighty hard to make such a meetin' interestin', and you might's well not have a meetin' at all if you can't make it interestin'. Well, the committee labored on the subject, and dreamed on it, and at last they give out that they was goin' to have an Academy of Missions at the next meetin'. They held a bee, invitin' a dozen or so of the newest people, mostly, for you might as well kill all the birds you can with one stone, and it was a means of gettin' 'em acquainted with each other and gettin' 'em interested in the meetin' beforehand, besides the main point,—to make maps. And some of 'em too, was people that'd think they couldn't do anything if you put 'em on a program, and yet might naturally feel left out if they was never asked to do anything.

They made little round folders with a map of the world inside, and attached little red pencils to 'em

When the day of the meetin' came, there was a good number present, and after the readin' and prayer and business, the President introduced the young lady "Professor" who was to be the Principal of the Academy. She rung a bell to call the school to order, and had the rest of the faculty come up front and sit in a row. Then she had the monitors pass the maps and roll call slips, and after a nice little speech about the new "Female Seminary," she had the roll call, not of persons, but of the other female seminaries in Southern California, that like us, was studyin' missions, it bein' responded to by the names of all the Southern California Auxiliaries, beginnin' Avalon, Buena Park, etc. Then she had a readin' lesson, just readin' over the names of the executive committees of the W. H. M. U., and the Southern Branch, so's everybody could know who stands behind our women's work. Next she introduced the Professor of spellin', who wrote across the top of the blackboard "Our Six Societies" with two columns under for home and foreign. Everybody wrote the list of initials down after her on the back of their folders with their little red pencils, and recited 'em all off in concert, till they could tell what all the initials meant, and then they put the Women' Boards underneath, the Professor explainin' that they was a kind of Ladies Aid to the rest.

The Professor in Arithemetic got up next. She had put on the blackboard beforehand the two plans of the work for the year, all but the figures, which she put down in the class, and we all added up the sums like a regular Second Grade. At the end she says, "Now here's our pledge of $4,500 to Home work, and $4,000 to Foreign. How much to both?"

"$8,500!" says all of us to once.

"Correct," says she, "and now I'm going to give you a sum in division to take home and study **very** carefully, for your next lesson. Supposing there's 1,500 women in our Southern California churches, and they pledge altogether $8,500 to missions for this year, **what would your share be?"**

The Geography Professor came next, and she had us locate on our little maps the place where our foreign pastor lives, and the stations and the missionary people maintained in the Plan of Work in each society. She had a map on another blackboard so she could point 'em out for us.

Then the Principal announced that for their writin' lesson the scholars would have some home work. She had a list of Woman's Board missionaries pinned to the blackboard, and invited every woman to take one for a foreign correspondent, and after another nice little speech, she struck the bell for school to let out.

Everybody said the meetin' was real interestin', and if the rest of the societies was a mind to try it, why, there ain't no patent on it, and as I said, I think they'd find it real informin'.

Well, goodby. We're all well at this writin' and hope you're the same. Uncle Jim sends love.

Your affectionate, Aunt Prue.

THE KERN COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

The Kern Association of churches and ministers met at Rosedale, Cal., Rev. L. A. Kirkland, pastor, Tuesday, Oct. 30th. The three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening, were full of good things. Rev. H. P. Case, representing the S. S. and P. Society, from his frontier experiences, added interest to our deliberations, the central thought of which was "The Undeveloped Resources in our Churches." Rev. H. B. Mowbray, assistant pastor of the First Church, Oakland, was the guest of the Kern county Congregationalism and took a general interest, and helped all present by two splendid addresses pertinent to the general theme. All were much pleased with him. The local representatives of the Pilgrim interests in these parts showed ability and enthusiasm at this meeting, and the future is to be met by the steady tramp of our Pilgrim forces here and elsewhere.

W. W. R.

Among the Churches.

Sonoma.—Four persons united with this church last Sunday on profession.

Los Angeles, Dolgeville.—The work at Dolgeville grows, and there are now 52 members of the church and about 100 Sunday-school scholars.

Berkeley, Park.—This church had the services of the Rev. J. R. Knodell the last two Sundays in October and of Professor Nash last Sunday morning and the Rev. Geo. H. DeKay in the evening. Mr. Knodell led the prayer meeting for two weeks and in various ways gave much encouragement and inspiration.

Lodi.—A gracious and generous rain on Sunday morning made a marked reduction in the size of our congregation, but the service was most helpful and hopeful. A goodly number partook of the Lord's Supper together, and a promising lad united with the church on confession and was baptized. A large number of others expect soon to come into the church, some on confession and some by letter.

Larondale.—In this little village on the Redondo electric railroad, and about five miles east of Redondo, a Congregational church was organized recently. A house of worship, partly finished, was used for the first time the 21st of October. There is a flourishing Sunday-school, and attendance at preaching services is good. The Rev. J. M. Johnson is in charge, and considerable growth is promised.

Oroville.—At communion service held November 4th, seven persons were received into the church, two on confession. Rev. C. H. Stevens has been serving this church most acceptably since last May, and the attendance on all services, which has been large at all times, is increasing. The choir has increased in numbers and excellence; a choral society handling difficult music has been organized. The attendance at prayer meeting is large and all the activities of the church have received a forward impulse.

Berkeley, First.—There were eleven additions to the membership last Sunday. A Sunday kindergarten has been arranged for the little ones, and at the close of the morning preaching service they are brought into the auditorium to share in the closing services. An Interesting and valuable feature of the Sunday-school for several weeks has been the addresses by Professor Buckham in the adult Bible class on the religion of the great poets.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The extensive repairs on the church building are about completed, and Rev. W. R. Bair, the pastor, is planning for a reopening and rededication on Thanksgiving evening. A new brick foundation has been put under the building, and it has been moved about six feet from its old location. The interior has been lined with sheet steel, raised work, and nicely painted; and electric lights have been put in. All in all repairs have been made to the amount of $700. Congregations are good; the Sunday-school is large and is increasing, and a spirit of encouragement and enthusiasm is widely apparent.

Santa Rosa.—Keeping pace with the rapid upbuilding of Santa Rosa in material things, is the progress made in the rehabilitation of the churches. With courage that no calamity could quench, and with abounding faith, the work has gone forward among the various churches. The Congregational Church is a striking example of such improvement. Its reconstructon of interior has given admirable results. About $2,000 has been expended under the watchful care of Trustee Daniel Gould, ably seconded by the pastor, Rev. Arthur B. Patten. Ten attractive class rooms for the Bible school have been provided, the pastor's study doubled in size, new electric lighting supplemented by gas, new stained glass windows, harmonizing with the tasteful auditorium decorations, new carpets, etc., tell the story of months of patient labor and increasing attention. With such an equipment, believed to be unequalled for convenience, beauty and efficiency, cost being considered, new plans are under advisement for a wider service to the community. For social facilities, this tasteful provision has made adequate arrangements. The popular "at homes" now have fitting quarters, and the word is "open house," "everybody welcome." The flourishing kindergarten department of the Bible school is in charge of Miss Rebecca Fowler and Mrs. George J. Reading. The long table full of happy children is an enticing picture. The adult class is led by Mr. C. E. Wingate and a warm welcome awaits every one. The church and school count it a bit of good fortune that their former beloved superintendent, George J. Reading, is again in charge. All these improvements and refittings have been possible by the generous gifts of friends and co-workers elsewhere. A portion of the general fund, contributed by the Congregational churches of the East, has been supplemented by gifts from Massachusetts, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Oregon, as well as from our own state. On Sunday October 28 there was an impressive service of rededication, pastor and people uniting in an order of service especially arranged for that occasion.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. D. Goodsell has resigned the pastorate of the church at Cottonwood, and has come to Berkeley, and his address is 2614 Dana street.

At the next meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity addresses and reports will be made by the Revs. H. M. Tenney, R. C. Brooks and Bishop Bell who were in attendance at the recent meeting of the American Board.

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Lovejoy has taken charge of the Congregational work at Monrovia. At present he holds a preaching service only once each Sunday—at 4 p. m., the United Brethren using the building in the morning and evening. The Congregational church in Monrovia is weak, but the place is growing and there seems to be a place for it in Monrovia's future. The town has 4,000 inhabitants now, and the churches are well filled.

There was organized last Sunday in the First Congregational Church of Oakland a class for the studying of social questions from a Christian point of view. The leader is to be the Rev. C. R. Brown, and his new book, entitled "The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit," is to be used as a text book. An executive

committee has been appointed and an effort will be made to enlist the interest widely of business and professional men and the workingmen. It is planned to have the study extend over a period of not less than four months. The meetings will be at 12:30 each Sunday.

At the recent meeting of the executive committee of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California, Mrs. O. W. Lucas of Berkeley was elected president, Mrs. F. H. Maar, of Oakland, secretary, Mrs. J. M. Haven, of Oakland, treasurer, Mrs. E. S. Williams, of Saratoga, corresponding secretary, Mrs. I. Meserve, of San Francisco, secretary of young people's work, and Miss Sara Ruth Edwards, of San Jose, superintendent of the cradle roll department. Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, secretary of literature, has returned from her visit East, and application for literature can be made to her at 1416 Arch street, Berkeley.

The church at Woodland extended a unanimous call last Sunday to the Rev. W. D. Kidd who for the past year has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Calistoga. Mr. Kidd will enter on the work in Woodland in a few weeks and the meantime the pulpit will be supplied by the Rev. G. H. DeKay. Superintendent Harrison spent Sunday in Woodland and found there a band of very determined Congregationalists. The efforts during the last two or three years to carry the church over to Unitarianism have failed. The members who are left are united, and hopeful now, and the trouble brought upon them has won for the church a support in one way and another such as to give added courage.

THE DENOMINATIONAL WEEKLY.

(From The Christian Herald.)

It is said, and probably truly said, that the denominational weekly paper is having a hard problem to solve—the problem of its own continued existence. It is said, and probably with truth, that the daily paper, the cheap magazine, the undenominational weekly, and the flood of inexpensive and attractive reading matter that is being poured forth make the denominational paper appear tame and slow. All this tells on the subscription list and the revenue and clouds the future.

That the denominational weekly cannot compete in spirit and contents with many popular forms of literature is conceded. Were it to attempt to do so it would abandon its vocation. Yes, it has a vocation, and one of high importance—closely connected with the intelligence of the people it essays to promote the prosperity of the denomination for which it stands. It seems tame and slow as measured by some standards. That is a complaint that is made against the Bible and against sermons, and yet it is worth while to read the Bible and to listen to sermons. If the Bible were to be changed to conform to popular taste, it would lose its special value; and if the preacher were to adopt the role of the actor, he might as well, nay better, stay out of the pulpit.

That is to say, the denominational weekly has a mission peculiar to itself—a province and a function all its own. While it seizes upon all legitimate means for making itself attractive, it must still remain religious and denominational, and it must inform its readers concerning tendencies and movements in those domains. We say it from conviction, and not as furthering our own interest, that he who promotes the circulation of his denominational paper in the field it occupies proves the sincerity of his belief and renders that belief an excellent service.

The Home.

A LIFE HEROIC.

I like the man who faces what he must;
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great,
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—Sarah Bolton.

HONOR TO THE BREADWINNER.

Who is the pillar of the home? For the most part the breadwinner. And my heart warms to him. He toils through the day, silently enduring many disappointments and perhaps many rebuffs. He is aware of things that threaten his future, but he goes home with a bright face and gives his earnings to the support of a happy household, whom he tries as well as he can to keep from anxiety. For the vast majority the task of supporting a home becomes more and more difficult in these days of shock and swift change. All honor to the faithful company who take up their tasks manfully!—British Weekly.

WOMAN AT HOME.

Thank God, O woman! for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe; but, by your faith in God, and your cheerful demeanor, you may garnish that place with more splendor than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled.—T. DeWtt Talmage.

HIGH IDEALS.

The Hon. William Jennings Bryan said in a recent address:

If I could look into your hearts and see what ideals you have there, I could measure with some exactness your future, with its happiness or its woe. The ideal controls the life, and one of the most important things to present the young man is an ideal.

I speak as a parent to parents when I tell you that the most important thing that we parents have to do is to give to our children a conception of life that is a worthy one and that will control their destiny. I

believe that no ideal is high enough for a great life, a good life, a successful life, that is not high enough to be seen from both sides of the river that divides time and eternity. I have been a member of a Christian church from the time I was fourteen. I passed through my period of skepticism as a schoolboy, and I was planted upon solid rock by the time I reached manhood, and as I have grown older my views on the subject have deepened, but I say to you this trip around the world has much increased not only my devotion to the Christian ideal of life, but my appreciation of its priceless value. We are doing more for the world when we give them a conception of life in harmony with our religion than we are in any other way.

FORMING THE BABY'S CHARACTER.

One would hardy expect to find marked traits of character in a very young infant; nevertheless, they are there, and show themselves very strongly, often when the infant is not more than twenty-four hours old. This, then, is the time to commence your training. Begin the molding process right now. It is for you to make the child what you will, and if begun now the task will not be a difficult one. I have often seen the most stubborn and even vicious children in a marvelously short time succumb completely to good influence, becoming sunny-tempered, obedient, and lovable.

Infants are helpless, consequently they require our care, and it is a matter of duty that this should be our intelligent best. Do not depend on guessing in this important matter; it is not safe. Children require love, sympathy, companionship, and amusement just as much as the adult, probably more; but remember that a surfeit of good things has the same effect upon the young as it does upon an older person. It seems rather ridiculous, does it not, to think of a child, and a very young one at that, becoming blase—tired of the good things offered? But it is true. We do not have to look very far to see children, even infants, turn away their heads with a shriek of disappprobation when well meant, but constant demonstrations of affection are thrust upon them. This open rebellion goes to show how distasteful it is to the child. Occasionally children of not over-robust constitutions become so wearied and weak with handling, hugging, and kissing that like a sensitive plant they wilt, and with pathetic patience submit to the inevitable because they are too weak to resist.

A selfish, nervous, unhappy child is invariably the result of over-indulgence on the part of the parent, and not infrequently the parent reaps a bitter reward in utterly failing to hold the respect, love, and obedience which are due the parent from the child. Children who are over-indulged lack self-control, and self-control taught at a very early age soon ceases to be self-control. It becomes a habit of trust in the mother—confidence in her discretion, love, and judgment. If this early training is delayed, almost before the mother realizes it she finds a wilful and stubborn child; then if she tries to correct the faults she has nourished she will realize that the remolding process is a far more difficult task than the molding would have been in the beginning. If you commence to humor the child early in life by walking, rocking, or some other form of entertainment he will have a right to expect to be humored until he becomes the autocrat who holds sway over everyone with whom he comes in contact.—Dr. Marianna Wheeler in Harper's Bazar.

The Quiet Hour.

Set not thy heart on dying
To find a world of bliss,
Lest for the future sighing
Thou miss the joys of this.

But let thy daily living
Bespeak a soul within
Which thus its aim fulfilling
True life at last shall win.

—Mary G. Gross.

THE RICHEST GAINS OF LIFE.

The richest gains of life lie in a simple and sustained trust in Almighty God. Here alone do we find peace. Learn to acknowledge God at each point of the path. Look up. Seek for him moment by moment. If you keep a pure heart, he will always be near. Never go alone into any enterprise. Consult your Heavenly Father. This is your right. Be confident that the course you are about to choose has his sanction. Ask for daily guidance. Live in a realm that will make it easy and natural for you to think of God and to consult his will. Watch your thoughts, for they aften lead astray. Be careful of your friendships, and let the choice of your vocation have the approval and benediction of the Father. Do not rush into life thoughtlessly or aimlessly or alone. Keep lowly, and urge your soul in its truest meditations to reach out after God and his likeness.

THE LITTLES OF LIFE.

It is not merely that the littles have their place and part in making up the larger; everybody admits that; but it is that, in a sense, the littles are in themselves the larger; not everybody recognizes that as a truth. And because the littles are the larger, it behooves us to look well to the littles in our dealings with others, and in our being and doing before God. It is by our littles that we have power for good or for ill among our fellows; it is by our littles that we are finally and fairly judged of God. It is by the little word or deed of loving kindness and loving sympathy that we make other hearts glad, and that we win the love and gratitude of others. And it is by the little word of thoughtless or deliberate unkindness or severity that we give pain to others, and that we leave sad or bitter memories of our unlovely course in the minds of those whose love and respect we might have won and held. It is often true that

A clouded face
Strikes deeper than an angry blow.

It requires constant watchfulness to guide our littles in speech and conduct. It is harder to be always right in little things, than to be always right in great things. It is easier to show littleness in the doing or the attempting of great things, than it is to show greatness in the doing or attempting of little things. But both these things are possible, and both

of them are sure to be recognized, and to have their potency, whenever and wherever they are manifested.

We judge our fellows, we are judged of others, and God judges us by little things rather than by those that are obviously great things

It is the unconscious, the instinctive, and the impulsive word and act of those whom we observe, rather than their more deliberate and formal expression of self, by which we shape our estimate of them. And in the same way we are judged by the world about us. It is more important for us, in fact, to have a care to our course in the minor affairs of every-day life than in the great matters and on the chief occasions, when everybody knows that we are on our guard and at our best.—Ex.

Young People.

HOW SOME OF LONGFELLOW'S BEST-KNOWN POEMS WERE WRITTEN.

I once wrote to the poet Longfellow, asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge" ("I stood on the bridge at midnight"), a poem which an eminent English critic has called the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet, in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me, it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem, and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I paused at the door before ringing the bell. I rang, and was shown into a long, hall-like room, dimly lighted, in which were a broad table, antique furniture, and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He rose to meet me, and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the first inspiration of some of my poems—what led me to write them?" he said, when we were seated. "Well, you are very, very kind.

Psalm of Life

"I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I recall the time. It was a bright day and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I wrote it for myself; I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterwards I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings, and flew over the world. There you may see it written on a Japanese screen!" He pointed to a high, richly ornamented screen which stood before a great fire place. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded a true picture of his soul: "When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the Queen. As I was leaving the palace yard my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble-looking English workingman. 'Are you Professor Longfellow?' he said. I bowed. 'May I ask if you wrote the "Psalm of Life"?' I answered that I did. 'Would you be willing, sir, to take a workingman by the hand?' I extended my hand to him, he clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment which gave me so much satisfaction.

Excelsior

"I wrote 'Excelsior'," he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner, at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'Excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of Hesperus' because, after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words, 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas.

"My poem entitled 'The Bridge'," he said in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the lonliness of others. I was a widower at the time and used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to return near midnight by the same way. The way was silent, save here and there a belated footstep. The sea rose and fell among the wooden piers, and there was a great furnace on the Brighton hills whose red light was reflected by the waves. It was on such a late, solitary walk that the spirit of the poem came upon me. The bridge has greatly altered, but the place of it is the same.—Hezekiah Butterworth.

SOME BOYS' MISTAKES.

It is a mistake for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. More than one boy has lessened his chances of success in life by acquiring in boyhood a pert, smart, dashing manner, particularly offensive to men of real intelligence and refinement. Modesty is an admirable trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will find it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself. And he will find it still more to his advantage to rely on God's Word for direction in all the important affairs of life.

It is a mistake for a boy to feel at any time in all the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty, when boyhood days were far behind them. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to show signs of disrespect to his parents.

It is a mistake for a boy to suppose that there is any better or safer place for him than his own home after nightfall. The boy who forms the habit of running the streets at night is sure to fall in with evil companions, for the better class of boys will be in their homes at night. Records of crime prove that many a boy has begun a criminal career by strolling the streets at night. There is no better place for young people than the "sweet, safe corner of the household fire."—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

THE WORK OF THE WHITE ANTS.

Some months ago, a beautiful home in Baltimore met with a remarkable and unusual calamity. While a man servant was busying himself with a grate fire in the library, the floor suddenly gave way beneath his feet. An investigation showed cause for serious alarm.

The wooden joists of the house were found to have been eaten through and through. The floors were so badly damaged that it was necessary to remove them bodily and replace them throughout the first floor. Even the library shelves had not escaped; and many valuable books were ruined.

All this devastation was the work of insects—those commonly known as the white ants. These ants had swarmed into the house in great numbers, leaving traces of their path up the foundation walls of the building, unnoticed before, but plainly discoverable after the investigation. Great walnut beams had been honeycombed as with gimlet holes; and the entire house would soon have been in imminent danger of a collapse.

Every now and then the newspapers teem with the details of a great man's downfall. Prominent in public affairs, trusted by friends and acquaintances, apparently strong and sturdy in character, reliable under any and all conditions, he has suddenly proved false to his trust, falls from his high estate, and flees to evade punishment and disgrace, which falls heavily on those nearest him.

But investigation proves that his downfall was not a sudden thing. The influences of years had been at work. Little dishonesties in school life are followed later by small discrepancies in accounts; trifling borrowings from public funds, to be soon replaced; insignificant deceits; little irregularities here and there, till the man himself is astonished to find his character so honeycombed with acts of dishonesty that ruin is all but inevitable. Only the tearing out and rebuilding of the whole foundation could have saved him; it is often too late for that.

A single ant is a small affair. One can easily crush and destroy it. A single act of wrong-doing repented of can be erased and lived down. But, like the white ants, wrong deeds do not usualy come singly. Each brings its hosts of followers; and if unperceived and unrecognized, dishonesty will surely and steadily undermine character and destroy the beautiful edifice which we should be building from day to day.

Let us be honorable in all our dealings; faithful; watchful that no weakening of character begin in our own lives; let us be on the alert to discover the first traces and crush out the little faults, which in increasing numbers may menace our future; let us be truthful in our work or play.—Alice Miller Weeks.

Time was, and the youngest of us remember it—when electricity was regarded as an aristocratic luxury. Today it is a democratic necessity. It produces the only artificial illuminant which possesses the attributes of purity, cleanliness, convenience, beauty and safety; it provides in a perfect form radiant and invisible heat; it is rapildy supplanting the old means of traction while the extensive developments which are taking place in its application to factory power purposes proclaim the beginning of an era of greater industrial activity and prosperity.

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A German army officer who had been promoted from the ranks found himself ostracized until the commanding general made an open exhibition of friendship for him. This was his gurantee. The friendship of a Christian ought to be all but a gurantee of Christian character in time.

The sentimental friendship of one of Napoleon's admirers who remained on St. Helena ninteen years after the Emperor's death, and then followed his remains when they were removed to Europe, may suggest how tenaciously we should adhere to our friends while they are alive and still capable of being benefitted forever.

The evil influence of wrongly chosen friendship has a sad exemplification in the career of Robert Burns. The levity with which one spoke of vice dulled his conscience and made him regard with complacence what he had formerly turned from in horror. The power of friendship for good is equally great, but virtuous pharisaism turns away from the opportunity.

Sometimes one says "I forgive, but I do not forget." Is that the way God forgives? If not, it will not do for us. Sir Matthew Hale was asked how he could show such magnanimity as on one occasion he did. He replied that he thanked God that he had learned to forget injuries. If forgiveness is hard, try to forget.

In the light of the growing interest in American art, Annie Nathan Meyer's record of "What American Museums Are Doing for Native Art" in the Century Magazine for October(makes wide appeal. Dr. Robert Bennett Bean supplements his paper in the September Century on "The Birth of the Negro" by another on "The Training of the Negro," which is likely to attract attention North and South. "The Dog Police of European Cities" is full of information and fresh interest; and there is the first account of "The Japanese Pilgrimage to the Buddhist Holy Land," the writer, Count Otani, being the chief of the Buddhist cult in Japan.

The Machine's Limitations.

"Madam," said the young man who had called at the back door on May day, "I have the pleasure of introducing to you our new automatic house-cleaning machine—a simple little thing which does the whole work of house-cleaning, leaving to you merely the general supervision."

"Does it all, hey?" demanded the woman of the house. "Will it wash the outside of the upstairs windows?"

"Why, no, madam, but"—

"Will it take down, wash, stretch to dry, iron and hang up the parlor curtains?"

"Well, of course—this machine"—paint the kitchen, make my daughter help with the dishes, persuade my husband to be contented with cold dinners, get out the screens and patch them up?"

"Oh, madam, this machine"—

"Will it take down the parlor stove and set up the refrigerator, wash the winter bedding and put it away, lay down the furs with moth balls, paper the hall bedroom, wash down the paper in the bath-room, wash, fold, starch and iron and put away the family clothes, darn, patch and sew on buttons, wash dishes, set three meals a day and pacify the household?"

"No madam, you have misunderstood the limitations of this machine"

"Limitations?" demanded the woman of the house. "I guess it has limitations. It will be a long time yet before any man will get up a machine that will do all a woman has to do in house-cleaning ime."

She took a fresh mouthful of tacks and went back to the dining-room carpet, and the agent faded sadly away.—New Orleans Picayune.

When Woman Rules.—"Jim," said the editor.

"Yes, sir."

"Go up and interview that lady politician who claims to have nothing to say. Let her talk about two columns and make your escape as best you can."

A Slight Omission.—Captain (to soldier in balooning division)—Now, then, Gruenzug, in with you sharp!

Soldier (advancing toward the car of the baloon and then stops)—Please, sir, in my oath of allegiance I swore to be true and faithful on land and water—but there was nothing said about air.—Muskete.

"Arn't you afraid that horse will run away with somebody?"

"Friend," said Broncho Bob, "it ain't nothin' in Crimson Gulch for a hoss to run away with a man. It's where a man tries to run away with a hoss that there's danger."—Washington Post.

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